

The TATLER

and **BYSTANDER**

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September 30, 1942



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John Vickers

Miss Pamela Brown Has Arrived

Six years ago, a young unknown actress appeared at the Stratford Memorial Theatre as Juliet. Her name was Pamela Brown. It was obvious even then that the newcomer had the vital spark which promises quality. In the years which have intervened, Pamela Brown has worked without interruption, resolutely and unostentatiously hitching her wagon to the star which beckoned. In the summer of 1940 she was "discovered" by Mr. James Agate. "Here," he said, conservatively, as is proved now by Miss Brown's performance in *Claudia* at the St. Martin's, "is a promising, and possibly in ten years' time, a fine actress." On Mr. Agate's strong recommendation, a page of THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER was devoted to the young actress. Now, in 1942, Miss Brown has arrived. Her first performance in London as Claudia in Rose Franken's play of that name, established her, in one night, in the foremost ranks of Britain's young actresses. London critics unanimously predict a brilliant future. Our congratulations, Miss Brown!



WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

New Session

BOTH Houses of Parliament are meeting again. The short, interrupted summer recess is ended. The eighth session of this seven-year-old Parliament is about to commence. This autumn promises important political, as well as military, activity. We are in the fourth year of the war, and none can doubt that in the military sphere we are reaching a climax. Winter is about to close in on the German armies in Russia, and as this happens Hitler must survey his position and make fresh dispositions. At the same time the weather begins to favour fresh campaigning in the Western Desert, where I believe, vital military decisions will sooner or later decide the future course and length of the war. While this is going on politicians at Westminster will find much to occupy their attention. The Prime Minister's position in this country and among the leaders of the world is strong. He stands high above most men. His health is excellent, and his vision clear. So is his determination.

Second Front Tactics

THIS is a war of ideas, of politics. In Washington, as well as in London, politics are being played with cunning and increasing fierceness. It is tragic that this should be so at this crucial time in world history, but we in this country and the people in America are fortunate that in Downing Street, as in the White House, there are men of courage and tenacity who will not be swayed by politics. I predict that this autumn efforts will be made to put the Second Front demand on a political platform. Already there are signs of this. These signs are emerging from the underground activities of some people who have claimed

Mr. Churchill's friendship in the past. Now it would seem that the object of these people is to undermine Mr. Churchill's position, and the position of the Government. Maybe they would like an alternative government. I don't know. But I do know that it's a dirty business. This underground campaign, which is not confined to London and which would divide the peoples of Britain and the United States, and make them distrust each other, should be exposed. We are fighting for freedom, freedom to live our lives according to our own wishes and the wishes of the majority of the people in this country. If these underground campaigners have their way we shall have a system of government which the people of this country do not want, led by people who are not likely to be their own masters. In this direction there lies danger, and therefore I say that Parliament is facing an important session.

A Military Decision

I MET a prominent Allied Government leader the other day and discussed with him the Second Front. Although a politician, he was most insistent that while he would like to see a Second Front opened, he would not himself support the decision to do so if there were not strategic and tactical evidence promising its success. He declared that we could not have a Second Front based purely on political considerations. But there are some people whose precise object is this. Indeed, it is a Political Second Front they are opening up already. The policy of the British Government is perfectly clear. When the Second Front is opened we must be certain of success, for if the offensive fails and we were driven off the Continent once more, it would be for the last time. The enslaved peoples of the Continent



Sir Alexander and Lady Korda

Merle Oberon went to the Palace with her husband, Sir Alexander Korda, who received a knighthood in this year's Birthday Honours. Sir Alexander produced the remarkable film of the R.A.F., "The Lion Has Wings," during the first few weeks of the war

would lose heart and Hitler's grip would close in on them more effectively than ever, for they would be unwilling but more docile slaves. Russia would not be saved. Her fate would be more certain and more severe. At the moment she is holding the Germans all the way along her wide frontiers, and Hitler's armies are being exhausted.

It might be argued, no doubt it will be argued before long, that the absence of a Second Front has so placed Russia that she must ask for a separate peace with Hitler. Let us face this possibility, for it is sure to be raised by the political campaigners. How could Russia make peace with Hitler now? What terms could they secure? What have they to bargain with? Almost all their European territory is occupied and scorched. Can the Russians possibly accept an armistice under the same conditions as Pétain and be disarmed? No. Russia cannot do this. Her people have suffered and now they hate. They



Rear-Admiral Sir Harold Burrough received the accolade of the K.B.E., and was decorated with the D.S.O. at the Palace, where he was accompanied by Lady Burrough, his son, William, and his daughter, Pamela. He commanded the escort ships in the important convoy which took supplies to Malta in the face of intensive enemy attacks last August



Lieutenant J. L. H. Pearce, R.N., took his small daughter, Anne, to the Palace with him, and she carried her father's decoration when leaving. Lieutenant Pearce received the Distinguished Service Cross



Commander Eric P. Hinton, D.S.O., M.V.O., R.N., of H.M.S. Harrier, was awarded a bar to his D.S.O., for distinguished services while escorting convoys to and from Murmansk, through ice and heavy seas, and severe enemy attacks

Some of Those Recently Decorated at Buckingham Palace



To Visit General Chiang Kai-shek

A Parliamentary delegation of two peers, Lord Ailwyn and Lord Teviot, and two M.P.s, Mr. H. J. Scrymgeour-Wedderburn and Mr. J. J. Lawson, are to go to Chungking in the autumn at the invitation of General Chiang Kai-shek. Above are Mr. Anthony Eden, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, Lord Ailwyn, Lord Teviot, Dr. Wellington Koo, the Chinese Ambassador, Mr. Scrymgeour-Wedderburn and Mr. Lawson at a meeting in London

hate the Germans from the depths of their souls, Stalin says so. He told the Prime Minister that this hatred even surprised him. It is Britain's declared policy that with the help of the United States they will free Europe and save Russia. This can only be done by wise military decisions, careful timing, ceaseless production of war materials and undying determination. All these requisites are present in Downing Street and Washington. What more do these underground political campaigners, hirelings and intriguers want?

Hitler's Tales

THE death of von Kleist on the Russian front is denied furiously by the Germans. At the same time the news is sedulously spread in Sweden that von Bock has been dismissed by Hitler. In other capitals of Europe the tale travels that Rommel is also in trouble. First his health has broken down, and secondly he is quarrelling with his colleagues. It is all so

difficult to assess, and this no doubt is Hitler's intention. He wants to confuse his enemies, raise their hopes by indications that his military leaders are at fault and depress our war production by encouraging us to think optimistically. I have no doubts that Hitler is having trouble. The change in the last few days in the tone of the German military commentaries is revealing. Even they have to admit that the Russians are stubborn fighters. But there may be a catch in this. Only by praising his enemies and exaggerating their qualities can Hitler justify the cost of the sacrifice he has demanded from the people of Germany.

Arctic Battle

THERE is every indication that the latest convoy to reach Russia from Britain represents a triumph in organisation and naval skill and daring. It also seems certain that the convoy was one of the largest ever sent to Russia, or even to have sailed the seas. But the War Cabinet were intent on justifying the Prime Minister's promises to Premier Stalin, so they faced all the risks and sent all they could. The result of the voyage through the Arctic, where Hitler's aeroplanes and submarines constantly harassed the convoy, is said to have been encouraging to those who organised it. The Germans, as usual, were quick to claim that they had annihilated all the merchant ships but one. Then they changed their tune and did not make such sweeping claims. A Nazi pilot was put on the air to describe the horrors he and his colleagues endured from the concentrated anti-aircraft fire of the British warships. He made it plain that the German losses had been heavy. The British Admiralty are content to wait. They will not give Hitler any information as to the results achieved by the attack. Such information might depress him. I am sure it would, for it pleased the Admiralty.

Washington and Vichy

MR. CORDELL HULL is a shrewd man from Tennessee. This means that he has a rugged character which has sprung from the mountains in which he was born. Quite clearly he is getting tired of the game which is being played by the Vichy Government. When Mr. Cordell Hull is indignant he becomes very righteous; and there's no doubt that he is indignant with Laval for trying to force Frenchmen to work in Germany. The United States Government have warned

Marshal Petain once more. Soon the time will come when there will be no more warnings, for the logical course of Mr. Cordell Hull's policy can only be severance of diplomatic relations. When this happens it may be a signal for more positive action. In Washington the conviction is held that Frenchmen will refuse to be exported from their native land like slaves. This may be true, but all the evidence reaching London does not confirm it. Many people in France, not necessarily working people, are doing well out of the Germans. Manufacturers are making money, and their wives and daughters are able to spend freely while they holiday in Monte Carlo and Cannes. All the same, the spirit of resistance to Laval's policy is taking political shape. This could not have been said a few months ago, but now



A Memorial Service in Cairo

General Sir Henry Maitland Wilson, G.O.C.-in-C., the new Persia-Irak Command, and Mr. Richard Casey, Minister of State in the Middle East, were present at a memorial service for the Duke of Kent in Cairo on August 30th

Frenchmen are searching their souls and reaching out their hands. Soon they will act.

New Viceroy

LORD Linlithgow has been Viceroy of India for several years and now he is anxious to return home. But he will only do this if the Government can see their way to find a suitable successor. There is much hard work to be done in India and only a man of wide political and administrative experience can undertake it. In these circumstances the Prime Minister, having had before him a list containing ten names, may decide to ask a member of the Cabinet to become Viceroy. This will be a tribute to India and a declaration of the Government's determination to fulfil their declared policy. The name of the new Viceroy will be made known before very long, for Lord Linlithgow is due home next February. Meanwhile there is a lull in Indian politics, with men of goodwill searching for a compromise. All sorts of schemes have been produced in private, but without the goodwill of Congress, these cannot have any promise of success. Without agreement the Government must be watchful, for those who planned and spread chaos will not be quietened all at once. They will make further attempts to disrupt the war effort and to divide India.



At The Investiture

Flying Officer G. D. Green, R.A.F., went with his wife to receive the D.F.C. at the investiture. Mrs. Green, who was formerly Miss Beryl Pockett, the golfer, is now a Flight Officer in the W.A.A.F.

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

Two Big Films

By James Agate

FOR some time I have been inveighing against those of our smart playwrights who have thought to write war plays by trotting out the old familiar characters, the old stale plot and the old dreary wise-cracking, and putting them into a war setting. The result in every case has been a shallow catch-penny success—with the unthinking.

NOEL COWARD, in his film about the Navy, has not made this mistake, has not gone near making it, and is too good an artist to have run any risk of making it. It actually did not occur to him to throw together another *Design for Living* and call it *Design for a Destroyer*. He preferred to re-create himself, and it was another Coward which fashioned *In Which We Serve* (Gaumont). Possibly a recrudescence of the Coward of *Cavalcade*, a much better work than our highbrows have ever been willing to admit.

There is no wit in the new film, and no more sophistication than any youngish naval Captain may be supposed to possess. Let it be said that in dispensing with wit—half a dozen exchanges would have sunk *H.M.S. Torrin* more quickly and certainly than bomb or torpedo—the author was discarding from strength. What kind of strength? the reader may properly ask. And I say a natural and easy mastery of the English language as it is used by the men of the sea and their women-folk. Good, taut dialogue making credible all that happens, yet sharpened to the right degree of dramatic effectiveness.

BUT is the film inventive? What sort of story does it tell? Dear reader, the war has taken the wind out of invention's sails, and there are no new stories to tell. The tale of *H.M.S. Torrin* is one of sound and fury, signifying all that makes a British sailor's war worth fighting—the humour, the cheerfulness, that obstinate, enduring valour which is best measured by the very rare departures from it. There is one instance of such faltering in this film, and it is beautifully handled. Not everything that happens in these two crowded hours is noisy; there are quiet intervals when we are concerned with sweetheating, marrying, fathering and all that makes a sailor's life away from battle worth having.

THE story is ingeniously told. The destroyer goes down in the Battle of Crete, and among those who manage to hang on to a float are the Captain (Noel, of course), Chief Petty Officer Walter Hardy (Bernard Miles) and Ordinary Seaman "Shorty" Blake (John Miles). As they cling to the float, bombed and machine-gunned, wounded, exhausted and all but all in, there comes to the mind of each the story of his life up to the moment of joining the ship. These three intertwined stories make the film.

OR all but make it. It is a law of the cinema that every picture must have its love interest. Very well then, this film has a compelling love interest, something which exceeds the love of wife or mistress, the passion of the sailor for his ship. A little romanticised, perhaps, but not too much so.

The photography is superb and free from trickery; there is a blessed absence of Technicolour; the acting is grand; and the whole is exciting and often moving. Nobody is court-martialled and nobody imperils the ship to redeem his personal character. The picture shows that to the British sailor heroism is an unsensational thing, just as for the business man punctuality in turning up at the office is unsensational. The oddness of this conception should make Hollywood gasp. Well, it was about time Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Fox, the Brothers Warner, and anybody else you can think of, took, shall I say, a deep breath.

The Great Mr. Handel (Leicester Square) is a first-class example of sentimental British film-making. The story begins in 1727 when Handel was forty-two. George the First had just died, Handel was at the height of his rivalry with Buononcini, the nitwit Prince of Wales sided with the Italian, and society followed suit. We see Handel picturesquely poor, broken in health, and awaiting the inspiration which is to raise him to the pinnacle of enduring fame. Good.

THE programme tells us of "a chance word from Handel's servant, Phineas, evoking

his deep religious faith." Not so good. And the sympathetic film-script implies that this was Handel's conversion to oratorio. Not good at all. It was, of course, nothing of the kind. Handel had composed at least two great works, *Saul* and *Israel in Egypt* before he began "Messiah," which, it is said, was completed in twenty-four days. Again, good. Or perhaps too good to be true. It was probably assembled in twenty-four days, which is a very different matter.

Handel was an enormous borrower, not to say unblushing thief. If ever a man could say with truth, "Je prends mon bien où je le trouve," it was George Frederick. And I suggest that when he sat down to write "Messiah" he ransacked the storehouse of his imagination together with the cupboard where he kept uncompleted odds and ends, for a work to which he was moved not by religious fervour but by the wholly unexpected invitation of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland to visit Dublin. Being a colossally fine craftsman Handel threw all he knew into the work, including the requisite fervour essential to his theme. It is a matter of history that the invitation came first. This sentimental version makes Handel ignorant of the Lord Lieutenant's letter till the work is nearing completion.

MESSEURS. L. DU GARDE PEACH, Victor MacClure, and Gerald Elliott may have done better than they calculated. Invite a Mozart to provide the music for a pantomime and the result is a *Magic Flute*. Handel writes a charming song for the male soprano Casarelli, all about a tree, that "amiable vegetable" whose branches are more comforting than a woman's arms; later the words drop out and for over two centuries ravished audiences delight at that free gift to organists known as the "Largo." Our script-concocters tell a pleasant story, pleasantly; but it is Handel's music which releases the floodgates of our emotion.

MR. WILFRID LAWSON gives a good performance of Mr. Lawson in a wig speaking with a foreign accent that derives from no recognisable country. Gaunt and sour in the first part, he dwindles in the second half to a state comparable to that of Arnold of Rugby after composing too many school sermons. There is nothing of the German about this Handel, who was stout, red-faced and choleric, with a store of Squire Western-ish good humour to draw on when he must. A man full of the roast beef of old Saxony, and enough sense of his own importance to leave in his will the sum of £600 to defray the expenses of an Abbey funeral! A man whose every accent and intonation betrayed the German origin.

Why was this country not combed for such a Handel? Mr. Ernest Irving did me the honour to consult me about a suitable tune for the beginning of the film. Why was no dramatic critic consulted about the suitable actor? The choice was obvious. One Frederick Valk! Don't tell me this fine actor had not come to London and was not known when this film was making. I knew of him and so did the provinces. Valk has the build, the manner, the accent and the talent. Why have looked further? Will film-directors never learn that dramatic critics can sometimes be wise before the event?

MALCOLM KEEN gives us a Lord Chesterfield of breeding, and Hay Petrie's Scotch servant is admirable. As Mrs. Cibber, Elizabeth Allan mimes prettily, and I have no doubt that many people leaving the cinema will ask why this charming little actress is never heard at the Albert Hall. The point, dear readers of THE TATLER, is that the voice we hear to such magnificent effect is that of Gladys Ripley!



Wilfrid Lawson as "The Great Mr. Handel"

Comedy, History and Romance Take Your Choice



At the beginning of young Paul Dresser's career, he is victimised by a travelling medicine man selling fake jewellery. Paul takes the rap and is tarred and feathered by infuriated villagers. Badly hurt, he is rescued by Mae Collins, a carnival songstress (Victor Mature, Carole Landis)



A Gentleman from West Point and His Girl

The Gentleman From West Point tells of the re-establishment of the military academy at West Point at the beginning of the nineteenth century and of its stern discipline. The story of two cadets, one wealthy (John Sutton), the other a former Kentucky backwoodsman (George Montgomery) and their love for one girl, a young Washington socialite (Maureen O'Hara) is the romantic interest of the film

Right: **The Great Mr. Handel** presents Wilfrid Lawson as Mr. Handel and Elizabeth Allan as Mrs. Cibber. Handel's original scores have been arranged by Ernest Irving and are played by the London Philharmonic Orchestra. His early successes and, later, his fall from royal favour and subsequent failures at the Playhouse, are followed by a long period of ill-health. In April, 1742, *The Messiah* has its first triumphant performance in Dublin, followed in 1743 by a Command Performance at Covent Garden before the King and his Court. The film ends with the restoration of George Frederick Handel to Royal favour and to his former position as uncrowned King of Music



The Great Mr. Handel in the Days of Royal Disfavour

the



"Belle" of 1942. Miss Evelyn Laye as Madame Bonne in the Purity of Act I and as Madame Bonne in the life of the party in Act II

It win fame in a night both for her- he play?—have been stressed with t that sentiment and publicity may a accommodating story. Re-savouring us first night at the Shaftesbury in iniscent eulogists have vied with one a whetting the appetite of those who, oliseum revival, were to see the play st time.

d, however, has a horrid way of over- itself, and there were bound to be ntments. Time marches on, and marches fast when the favourites of fashion have to be outpaced. Such charged expectations, indeed, might hardly be fulfilled were Mrs. Siddons herself to return in one of her more stirring parts. Not that Miss Laye fell short of expectation either as actress or singer. She is too experienced for that. Her first appearance, in the dangerous shadows of the



Billy Danvers as Ichabod Bronson and Miss Enid Stamp Taylor as Cora Angelique

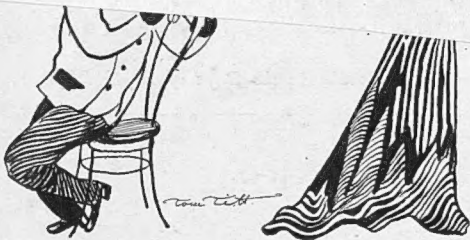
Bowery, coal-scuttle bonneted, "War Cry" and tambourine in hand; her demure deportment and artfully muted singing, made their immediate effect. She was received with rapture. And the working-up of this scene to its vociferous, reiterative climax—"SHE is the Belle of New York; the subject of all the town tork!" (pom pom!)—gave the protracted revelry that had preceded it an exhilarating contrast.

IT was interesting to note that, in spite of this very English revival, *The Belle* remains one of the most indigenous of all the musical comedies America has sent us. This may be due to its theme: the conversion of a Man about Broadway by a Salvation Army Lassie in circumstances that, to say the least, begin, continue and end equivocally. "They never proceed to follow that light, but always follow me!"

That nice adjustment of slyness and decorum; the blend of prune and prism, in the Belle's complaint; her concern for the souls of men, and her deprecatory sighs over their too susceptible hearts, could have been conceived and accepted as the theme of a frivolous, popular show only in the land of the free.

The sheer revelry dates. That polite lunatic with the ever-open knife and super-susceptibility, once the talk of the town, and that whistling tough, whom the late Frank Lawton fixed so warmly in remembrance, are cleverly impersonated by Dimitri Vetter and Irving Kaye respectively. That pre-nuptial party on Riverside Drive, which launches the show, is highly chromatic and appropriately boisterous, but it has an air reminiscent somehow of high jinks in a Klondyke saloon. And until Miss Stamp Taylor arrives—bobbish and billowy, and as vital as a spring morning on the primrose path—to abolish time and universalise space, the merriment seems discouragingly local. She has the air of transcending the book which, despite Mr. Rodney Ackland's manipulative attention, remains stiff-jointed; and she has a chuckle which any self-respecting blackbird would answer, and Semiramis might have envied.

YES; it is the music that bridges the gap between now and then; the buoyant choruses, and such happy numbers as that which gives Miss Marion Wilson the chance to break through the clouds of the soubrette's pseudo-gallicism and shine. The show is generously staged, and the recitative has had some period rust removed. But where ancient and modern most amicably meet is in the score, the clean, bull's-eye notes of Miss Laye, and Miss Stamp Taylor's irresistible expression of her own rich sense of fun.



(Above) Marion Wilson as "Fifi" sings the famous "When we are Married" number to the susceptible Harry Bronson (Billy T. Sker)



(Left) Jane Corda as Mamie Clancy and Irving Kaye as Blinky Bill M'Guirk



(Right) Dimitri Vetter as Karl von Pumpernick, the madman with a murderous complex

"A Man With Red Hair" is Revived

Francis L. Sullivan Plays
the Part Created by Charles
Laughton in 1928



Hesther marries Herrick Crispin. In a few days she realises her mistake. She begs Herrick to let her go away for a few days (Mischa de la Motte, Gillian Lind)

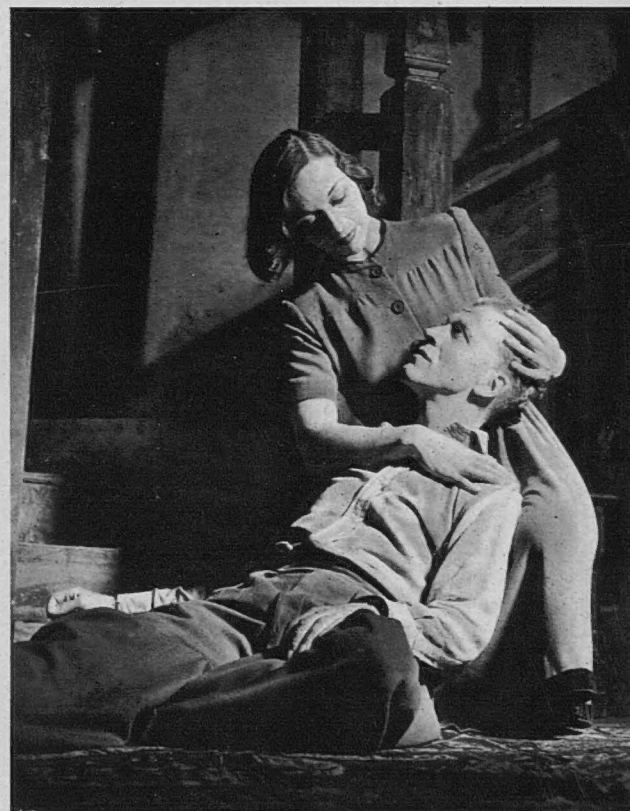
Left: David Dunbar is in love with Hesther Tobin. Her father, the drunken Dr. Tobin, forbids the marriage, seeing a more lucrative opportunity for his daughter in Crispin's son (Richard Carr, Gillian Lind; Lionel Gadsden)

Fourteen years ago, Charles Laughton nightly horrified audiences at the Little Theatre with his brilliantly sadistic portrayal of Mr. Crispin, the man with red hair. The play, which has been adapted by Benn W. Levy from a novel by Hugh Walpole, has been revived at the Ambassadors, with Francis Sullivan in the name part. It is described as "a thriller with a difference." It is a study of mental and physical torture inflicted by one man on all those whose lives come in contact with his own. Gillian Lind and Walter Hudd are distinguished members of the cast



A visitor to the Crispin household is Charles Percy Harkness, an American visiting the beauty-spots of England. Crispin proposes a bond of friendship. "But, first," he says, "I should need to teach you the meaning of pain—then what friends we could be!" (Walter Hudd, Francis Sullivan)

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick



In the struggle that follows, David and Crispin pitch out of the wide windows which overhang the cliff to their death hundreds of feet below. Exhausted, but freed from the designs of the sadistic Crispin, Harkness is rescued by Hesther (Walter Hudd, Gillian Lind)

Left: In an attempt to rescue Hesther, Harkness and David are caught by Crispin, who, in an ecstasy of sadistic excitement, threatens Harkness with a knife. Meanwhile, Hesther is loosening David's bonds



On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

The Queen at Glamis

HER MAJESTY the Queen, and her two daughters, have been spending a short holiday in Scotland. They have been staying at Glamis Castle, the home of the Earl of Strathmore, where the Queen spent her childhood.

Lord Strathmore is eighty-seven this year. Princess Margaret was born at Glamis in 1930, and both she and her sister have always loved holidays spent at the Castle, which is crowded with historic interest, and an ideal place for all the games children delight in. Incidentally, both the Princesses were staying with their grandfather when national registration took place, so their identity cards bear Scottish numbers.

With the Duchess of Kent

WHEN Princess Olga arrived in this country recently to be with her sister, the Duchess of Kent, she brought with her one of the Duchess's oldest friends—Mme. Ralli, whose husband was a leading Paris financier before the war. Mme. Ralli and the Duchess have been close friends since their girlhood days in Athens. Always beautifully dressed, Mme. Ralli used to have the reputation of being one of the leaders of fashion in pre-war Paris, and her home was known as the centre of a distinguished circle, intellectually as well as socially prominent.

Mrs. Winant is Getting on Well

MRS. JOHN WINANT, the wife of the American Ambassador, who had recently to undergo a slight facial operation, is making splendid progress, and hopes to be out and about again very soon. Mrs. Winant, who is of Scottish descent—her family came from Jedburgh, in the Border Country—is one of the most active of the ladies of the Diplomatic Corps, with a hundred interests in diverse subjects to absorb her free time. Though she does not often speak

in public, she has a voice of great charm, and a considerable faculty for clear expression, as many who serve with her on various committees know well. Welfare of United States troops in this country has been one of her close concerns ever since the first American contingent arrived, and she is taking a prominent part in the arrangements which are being made to welcome the W.A.A.C.s (the A.T.S. of America), who will be coming over shortly.

New Boys at Eton

AMONGST the record number of new boys who have gone to Eton this half is Julian, the only child of Mr. Duff and Lady Diana Cooper. He has been in America for the last two years, and has lately returned to go to his public school. I hear he has passed in very high, which looks as though he has inherited the brains of his clever parents, and also shows how good the education has been for our children in America.

Another boy, who has just come home to go to Eton is Lord Essendon's eldest grandson. He and his younger brother have been in Canada for two years, and are the sons of the Hon. Mrs. Cecil Mason, Lord Essendon's daughter, by her former marriage to Captain Napier. Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Mason have a lovely old and historic house in Sussex, which they did up very beautifully just before the war, but when they are down there now they live in a tiny cottage on the estate, as the big house has been requisitioned to "house" all the old ladies who were evacuated from the almshouses at Rye.

Hunting-Racing Engagement

AN engagement of great interest to the hunting and racing world has just been announced: it is between Captain Geoffrey Brooke and Mrs. Betty Stewart. Both were well known in the hunting-field, and Mrs. Stewart, as Betty Seaton, will be remembered

as one of the best women riders in many point-to-point races.

Mrs. Stewart is now driving for the M.T.C., and has just spent her leave taking her small son over to Ireland to stay with her sister, Mrs. Luke Lillingston, who is also a very fine horse-woman. Mrs. Lillingston's first husband, the late Earl of Harrington, was killed by a fall out hunting, and shortly afterwards she had a very bad fall herself, which caused her to go blind for some time. Last year she had a fall hunting in Ireland, breaking a leg, and had to attend the wedding of her elder son, the young Earl of Harrington, with her leg in plaster of Paris.

Captain Brooke, who is the youngest son of the late Sir George and Lady Brooke, rejoined his regiment, the 16th/5th Lancers, which he served with in the last war, at the outbreak of this war; up to then he used to help his famous uncle, Mr. "Atty" Persse, with his training establishment at Stockbridge, which produces many winners.

Around Town

AMONG the interesting people in London now is Lady Hawkins, a charming American who has lived here for many years. She is the widow of Anthony Hope, the novelist, who was a barrister as well as a writer. Apparently, he had to pay £30 to get his first book published, and sold *The Prisoner of Zenda* outright for £100. But the publisher was fair and honest, and when the book turned out to be such an enormous success, insisted that the author should receive the royalty he deserved. Lady Hawkins was in Hollywood when the film of the book was being cast, and personally selected Ronald Colman for the leading part.

Others seen around include Mrs. John Barron, a Ruthven twin, and sister of Commandant Lady Carlisle, who looks outstandingly attractive in khaki, with her curly, pale blonde hair; Princess Nika Yourievitch, with Mr. Keiran Tunney, on leave from Northern Ireland; Colonel Newcombe, whose son was a great friend of the late T. E. Lawrence; and Mrs. Kenneth Thornton, Zena Dare's daughter, who was on a shopping expedition for her young sons.

Seen About

AN unusual sight the other day was Miss Enid Stamp Taylor, looking very lovely and wearing a most intriguing hat, on the back



Prince Andrew of Russia Marries Miss McDougall

Two church ceremonies celebrated the marriage of Prince Andrew of Russia to Miss Nadine McDougall, eldest daughter of Lieut.-Col. Herbert McDougall, of Cawston Manor, Norfolk, and Mrs. McDougall, of Provender, Faversham, Kent. The first service, performed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, took place at St. Mary's, Norton Faversham, and the second at Sheldwich Church, the Archimandrite Nicholas officiating. Prince Andrew is a son of the late Grand Duke Alexander of Russia, and the Grand Duchess Xenia



The Gibbs—Hambro Wedding

Captain the Hon. Vicary Paul Gibbs, Grenadier Guards, married Miss Jean Frances Hambro, daughter of Captain A. V. Hambro, M.P., and Mrs. Hambro, at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks. He is the elder son of Lord and Lady Aldenham, of Briggens, Ware, Herts.



A Red Cross Garden Fete

Princess Alexander of Greece and Mrs. James Horlick were at a garden fete held at Dell Park, Englefield Green, in aid of the Red Cross and St. John. Princess Helena Victoria was also present, and Sir Richard Howard Vyse made a speech explaining the object of the fete

of a fireman's motor-bike. Apparently, Miss Stamp Taylor, who is appearing as Cora Angelique in *The Belle of New York*, found she had dawdled too long over lunch and would be late for her matinee. Taxis were few and far between, and it seemed impossible to get one. The gallant fireman recognised Miss Taylor as the girl he had danced with at the Firemen's Ball, and offered his steed, which was promptly—and courageously—accepted. The bike, known as a Speed-Twin Triumph to the motor-cycling fraternity, proved true to its name, and the curtain went up on time.

Later in the day a very happy gathering collected in the May Fair bar. Harry Wragg, the well-known jockey (he is no relation to the

other Wraggs), was celebrating his recent wedding; Lord Selsdon, now a lieutenant in the R.N.V.R., was talking to "Tiny" Charles Follett, who, at nineteen stone, must be quite the heaviest racing driver ever seen on Brooklands! Also in the party were Miss Betty Greenish, the Countess of Warwick, now quite recovered from her operation, and her sister, Mrs. Sue Weldon. Near by, the Marchioness of Northampton was entertaining a few friends.

At Night

LATER still, Inga Andersen made her return to cabaret at the Bagatelle, with some splendid new songs. Among people crowding the restaurant were Lady Petre, as pretty as ever after the recent birth of her son; Mrs. Rupert Byass, with Mr. Quinnie Gilbey; Lord John Manners, Mr. Simon Wardell, the amusing son of Captain "Mike" Wardell; and Mrs. Peter Quennell. Also around that evening were film-star David Niven, in khaki, pretty blonde Miss Georgina Cookson, Mr. Iain Moncreiffe, also in uniform, with his cousin, Miss Elizabeth Moncreiffe, out of uniform for a change; Mr. Ralph Neson, who has been on sick leave, but is now better and back in uniform; Mr. "Pip" Bankier, of the just distinguishable twins, and tall, attractive Miss Patsy Wedgewood.

Shooting in Scotland

RAIN in Scotland has not deterred the guns from going out. Lady Elgin had big parties of schoolgirls and boys at Broomhall, her two daughters, who are in the Services, joining the party on their regulation leaves. Lord Bruce is becoming an excellent shot. At Keir, the young Laird's wife (who was the attractive Susan Bligh), now the proud mother of a blond, blue-eyed and chubby heir, has become a very good shot, as well as a most capable organiser of her busy husband's shoots. This is no small job, as wartime makes it difficult to collect guns, beaters, etc., not to mention cartridges. Usually, the guns arrive on bicycles or by bus. Ponies are in great demand, and so are traps, both equally scarce.

Wedding at St. Margaret's

ST. MARGARET'S, Westminster, was crowded for the marriage of Captain Julian Ridsdale, Royal Norfolk Regiment, to Miss Victoire Evelyn Patricia Bennett ("Paddy"), daughter of Major and Mrs. Joseph Bennett. As the



Tunbridge-Sedgwick

Rehearsing a Sonata

Miss Harriet Cohen, C.B.E., and Miss Florence Hooton are seen above rehearsing Sir Arnold Bax's sonata in Miss Cohen's studio. Miss Hooton is to play the sonata to-day at the first of two recitals she is giving at Wigmore Hall in aid of the Red Cross

groom's father is a brother of Lady Baldwin, it was not surprising to find several members of the family present. At the reception I saw Lady Betty Baldwin, wearing the workmanlike blue slacks in which she does her ambulance driving; other guests included her sisters Lady Lorna Howard and Lady Huntington-Whiteley, Lady Maugham, Sir Thomas and Lady Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Eveleigh Nash, Mrs. Bertram Sutherland and her daughter Rita, Sir Joseph Addison, Miss Audrey Warren Pearl (in the fashionable all-grey outfit), Lady Katherine Bosanquet, and Sir Charles Doughty, K.C., who proposed the health of the bride and groom.

(Concluded on page 440)



Lieutenant R. C. Rackham and Miss Elizabeth Molteno were Married in Perthshire

Lieut. Reginald Colmer Rackham, only son of Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Rackham, of Harrow Weald, Middlesex, was married at Fortingall Church, Perthshire, to Miss Elizabeth Pamela Molteno, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Molteno, of Glenlyon House, Fortingall



Mrs. Molteno (right) arrived at the church for her daughter's wedding with the Earl and Countess of Breadalbane. Lord Breadalbane proposed the health of the bride and bridegroom at the reception, held after the ceremony at Glenlyon House, home of the bride's parents. Miss Penelope Molteno was bridesmaid to her sister, and Lieut. B. J. Mackay was best man

"In Which We Serve"

Noel Coward Writes, Directs and Stars
in the Life Story of a British Destroyer



Captain Kinross (Noel Coward) arrives home on leave. He is greeted by his wife (Celia Johnson) and two children, Lavinia and Bobby (Ann Stephens and Daniel Massey). Mrs. Kinross is concerned as to whether war is imminent. Her husband, forced to confirm her fears, at the same time assures her that the Navy is ready to meet any emergency which may threaten



Shorty Blake (John Mills) meets Freda Lewis (Kay Walsh) on his way home on leave. He finds that her uncle by marriage is his Chief Petty Officer. This makes them friends at once. Later they are married. When Shorty has to return to his ship, Freda goes to live with her aunt, Mrs. Walter Hardy. She is going to have a baby, and Shorty is despondent at having to leave her

H.M.S. Torrin plays her part in the rescue of the B.E.F. from the beaches of Dunkirk. "No operation of war is less pleasant than an evacuation," says Captain "D"; "there is none of the glory or the thrill of battle. Our success is measured by the smallness of military casualties, not naval ones"

A year later, H.M.S. Torrin, is involved in the fierce fighting off Crete. Enemy planes sweep the decks of the destroyer. Finally a bomb hits her amidships. The captain orders, "Abandon ship." Chief Petty Officer Blake (Bernard Miles) and Seaman Shorty Blake (John Mills) are picked up



The heroine of *In Which We Serve* is H.M.S. Torrin, a British destroyer. From her launching in 1938, to her glorious end in Mediterranean waters off the island of Crete in 1941, she is the exacting mistress of her gallant crew. "No one destroyer could experience all that happens to H.M.S. Torrin," says Noel Coward, "but she is representative, as are all who sail in her, of what happens in peace and in war to the ships and men who protect our Empire on the high seas." Two Cities Films Company sponsored the film, which was made at Denham, and given the full co-operation of the Admiralty and Ministry of Information. Noel Coward plays the leading role of Captain "D" (as all leaders of a destroyer flotilla are known). He also produced, co-directed (with David Lean) and composed the incidental music to the film. A brilliant cast, which includes Bernard Miles as Chief Petty-Officer Walter Hardy, John Mills as Ordinary Seaman Shorty Blake; Celia Johnson as the captain's wife, Kay Walsh as Mrs. Shorty Blake, and Joyce Carey as Mrs. Walter Hardy, supports him



Other survivors, including Captain "D," succeed in swimming through the oil-ridden waters to a Carley float. They are constantly machine-gunned. At last they are picked up by a sister-destroyer, H.M.S. Tremoyne, which has already aboard ninety survivors of the Torrin's crew



The actual moment when the destroyer is mortally wounded is poignant with emotion. H.M.S. Torrin heels over at an acute angle. On the Captain's order, men jump into the sea. Captain "D" himself with his officers is washed from the bridge

Aboard H.M.S. Tremoyne Captain "D" thanks the officers and men of the Torrin's sister-destroyer for their gallantry and courage in saving so many of his crew. H.M.S. Torrin has gone, but there are other ships—and there always will be . . .



Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

ANOTHER party of eminent neutral editors has arrived in England, looked round, said the right things, and departed, and we trust it's not stinking bad form to hint that our next batch of visitors might ring a change or two on that farewell message of theirs, which is getting a bit monotonous?

What the booksy racket calls "a quotable sentence"—the kind publishers lift from critics, trim slightly, and use as blurbs—is still the thing, but our feeling is that the tiniest variation (such as "*Britain is the champion of a new era of liberty, democracy, and humanity, and why the hell do so many people in Kensington look like horses?*") would be a refreshing shock. What every Fleet Street boy, and nobody else on earth, calls a "bombshell."

Giftie

A CHAP who used to trot foreign royalties and other gilded notables round the rear of the Front in World War I told us the embarrassing moment came not when the departing guests recited their final piece about freedom and justice—they had that all off by heart—but when they were fidgeting with a handful of left-over decorations five minutes before the train left and didn't know what to do with them. He wouldn't swear they hastily decorated everybody within reach (see C. E. Montague's exquisite story *Honours Easy* for a similar situation), but he thought not a few French railway porters may have got the Golden Jabberwock of Pannonia, third class with swords, this way.

You can't wear such gauds daily, like the diamond tie-pins lavished on British stationmasters in the spacious days of Queen Victoria, but we bet they looked good at the annual beanfeast of the *sapeurs-pompier*s of Fouilly-les-Oies (Somme).

Revolt

ONE thing about being as wealthy as Mr. Sidney Beer and able to conduct a symphony orchestra of one's very own (a musical chap points out to us), is that one can get the tympani and other part-time workers doing something useful in their off-moments, such as knitting socks for deep-sea fishermen or addressing charity-appeal envelopes.

Ludwig ("the Mad") of Bavaria, who mounted Wagner's operas for his sole pleasure, did not seem to insist on this discipline which every concert-goer knows is desirable. During passages for strings alone, this chap avers, half the

drums and other percussion are dozing, eating, or making signals to women in the audience, a trick greatly resented by well-bred girls. The cynical expression of the oboes as their eyes rove is also objected to. Indeed, the woodwind as a whole seem to respect British womanhood very little. If a conductor does not care to bawl his "boys" out midway through a symphony ("Arf a mo, you hoboos!") he can at least keep them constantly employed, either by having extra parts written into every score (e.g., a continuous drum-and-fife *alla marziale* obbligato to the *Pelléas* overture) or finding them "outside" work, as above. Is Mr. Ernest Newman in the house? Hello there, sir.

Correction

INCREASING restrictions on railway travel are all right with us. We can never understand why the Island Race wants to move from place to place anyway; it looks just as attractive squatting on its hams and gazing bewildered into space.

Incidentally we were wrong the other week, a chap points out, over Baudelaire's famous lines:

*Etonnants voyageurs! quelles nobles histoires
Nous lisons dans vos yeux profonds comme les
mers!*

It wasn't the 9.18 from Surbiton at Waterloo, but the Southern Belle from



"Cat burglary, or just plain robbery with violence?"

Victoria, which inspired this, he says, and we find he's right, on looking it up. Baudelaire was watching the stockbrokers streaming off Brighton platform, waving their hands about and arguing with dainty but suspicious blondes.

"But honestly, little girl, I'm just a dreamer myself."

"Some dreamer you are, Mr. Goldenkranz, I'll say that."

"Don't call me Mr. Goldenkranz, little girl, call me Laddie."

"Oh, I couldn't do that, Mr. Goldenkranz, not if it was ever so."

"I suppose it's my new plus-fours put you off?"

"Oh, no, Mr. Goldenkranz, not no plus-fours it isn't, I give you my word."

"Hi! Taxi!"

Baudelaire was so fascinated by this spectacle that he took a room at the Cosmopole and was very, very ill, but managed to get the Stock Exchange into one more poignant line:

Et toujours le désir nous rendait soucieux.

In other words, Love is just one more big worry for tired business men (dictated but not signed).

Artist

IN addition to being a pianist of intellectual and international celebrity, writing extremely good books on Brahms and Chopin, and discussing vintage French wines, which he loved to give his friends, the late William ("Bill") Murdoch kept his Australian passion for cricket so courteously under control that never a hurt or bitter word passed between him and us in fifteen years. If that restraint is not chivalry we don't know how you define it.

The steely wrists and bronzed vigour of this kindest and most regretted of men were employed also in the Higher Horticulture down in Surrey, a county not remarkable for its flora, barring those big business men and rhododendrons.

(Concluded on page 430)



"What are the pork pies made of this week?"



Fred Daniels

Blinded in "Bismarck" Action, Esmond Knight Resumes Film Career

As an R.N.V.R. Lieutenant, Esmond Knight was aboard H.M.S. Prince of Wales in her victorious action against the German battleship "Bismarck." He was struck by a shell splinter and, as a result, is now totally blind. "Nothing is here for tears," wrote John Milton, three centuries ago. "All is not lost, the unconquerable will . . . and courage never to submit or yield." This is not a picture to make you sad, but very proud—proud that Britain still produces men of such indomitable courage. In a remarkably short time, Esmond Knight has mastered the art of living fully, without sight. Once shown the layout of the particular "set" in which he is appearing, he walks without faltering. In *Silver Fleet*, his first film since his blindness, and probably the first time in film history that a totally blind man has played a part, he is Von Schlieffer, Chief of the Gestapo in Occupied Holland, and it is as Von Schlieffer that he is seen above. From producer down to that severest of all critics, the studio electrician, there is one verdict: "Knight is an infinitely greater actor now than ever before"

Standing By ...

(Continued)

Surrey County Council should be grateful to Bill Murdoch for introducing more decorative plants than they commonly see, even at a full meeting of the General Purposes Committee. But maybe the Murdoch influence has spread already and the cry "How like an orchid if it wasn't for his bowler hat!" rings daily through the streets of Croydon as some graceful municipal figure hurries along to inspect the refuse-dumps. And—hist! Don't look round yet, but that heady, ravishing perfume comes from the Gas Department.

Illusion

SOMEbody should really tell those wayward beavers of the Ossewabrandwag separatist movement in South Africa about Father Christmas, who their newspaper *Oom Voortrekker* has now succeeded in abolishing as "too English."

We thought everybody knew that Father Christmas (Santa Claus, *Sankt Klaus*) is a Dutch Calvinist invention imported into the English nursery from Holland presumably about the time of William and Mary. French children's shoes have since been filled on Christmas Eve, to some extent, by *le Père Noël* as well, but Spanish children still get their gifts from the Three Kings, and so far as we know Italian children still get theirs from the Bambino. Why those hairy chaps, who claim incidentally to be the real Dutch and deem the *verdonte Hollander* a sissy, should get so fussed, and so wrongly, about Santa Claus we can't imagine, unless they've got the fixed idea that it's kindly old

Prof. Joad, England's universal benefactor, who comes down the chimney, and they resent and loathe the cut of his beaver.

Farewell

THE welcome slump in nudes goes on, we gather from the current exhibition of the London Salon of Photography.

Realising that the Island Race is bored with this topic, the photographer boys' lively fancy hasn't even inspired such new angles as a nude A.T.S. major or a nude lady gas-meter reader, let alone a nude female string quartet, such as we once saw with these eyes in a German art-photography magazine, sawing away at a Beethoven piece and wearing nothing but a self-conscious expression. The Island Race would rather look at mallard drakes and we don't blame them.

There may have been a transition period, when the boys exhibited, say, a female philatelist pasting up her stamp-album (a) in tweeds and (b) naked. Goya began this innovation when he painted his famous "Maja" with and without her clothes in an unchanged pose. If there was such a stage we've missed it. To-day the photographic artist realises that if he must hit on such a dainty and original idea as "September Morn," the Race would prefer the lady in the pond to wear a hat at least; if not her own hat, then one kindly lent by a stoker friend in the Navy. The Silent Service doesn't say much about these things, but its expression of hauteur is terrific.



"Hold on, please. The C.O. won't be a minute—he's just gone in to bat"

Welcome

ADMIRERS of the Minstrel Boys who from the war have fled are preparing to welcome them home now that America is cleaning out the exiles' nest, but Bloomsbury is shrilly insistent, our spies report, that if any rude military contacts await them, they must be sympathetically handled.

Approved specimen interview with brass-hats, purple but *sympathique* major opening:

"You say you still haven't found that formula for Life? Oh, dear! Archie, Mr. Prune hasn't found his formula for Life!"

"How perfectly sickening."

"Poor Mr. Prune—how long have you been in America?"

"Ever since war broke out."

"And you still can't find a formula—oh, my God, Archie, he's crying!"

"Loosen his stays, somebody."

"Let him cry, sir, it may be good for his self-development."

"What I'm worrying about, Colonel, is whether the Army will retard or encourage his egocentricity."

"By Gad, yes. We must be careful about that, Crusher."

In the end, we guess, Mr. Prune has them all wet-eyed by describing the spiritual torture a modern poet endures on being harassed by horrid men. And finally, maybe, they're so unnerved that somebody just ups and shoots him.

Potshot

A CITIZEN hears troops grousing and writes to the papers saying there is widespread discontent in the Army. Another citizen hears troops singing and writes to the papers saying rubbish, the Army is full of high spirits. Each citizen in our polite view, is somewhat of a pinhead.

The same thing happened on the eve of the French Revolution, you may remember. One traveller passed through an arid province and said the French peasant was starving and miserable; another traveller who had passed through a fertile province said the French peasant was prosperous and smiling. The global truth was that the French peasant, like the British soldier, was (a) happy and (b) unhappy, according to circumstances, temperament, and a dozen other factors. D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"These barbers are all the same—talk, talk, talk!"



Author at Home.

Sir Philip Gibbs, the Beau
Ideal of Journalists



Like all true journalists, Sir Philip studies the daily newspapers



In the garden Sir Philip finds relaxation in the company of children who attend a school in the grounds of his home

Sir Philip Gibbs has recently returned to this country from America, where he spent some months lecturing. His latest book, *America Speaks*, was written as a result of this tour. At the moment he is living quietly in the country at his home near Guildford and working on a new book, *The Interpreter*, which will be published by Hutchinson's in the spring. While in America, Sir Philip was able to spend some weeks with his son and daughter-in-law and their children. Sir Philip comes of a literary family; his father, Henry Gibbs, was at one time a tutor to young members of the Royal Family at Windsor Castle, and his two brothers, Cosmo Hamilton (who assumed his mother's name by deed poll) and Major Arthur Hamilton Gibbs, are both well-known authors



Mr. and Mrs. Philip Hill and Jimmy



Sunninghill Park

Round the Estate

At Sunninghill Park, Ascot, Home of
Mr. and Mrs. Philip Hill



Mr. Hill and Jimmy Cross the Bridge



Lined Up for Operations



Land Girls Look After the Calves



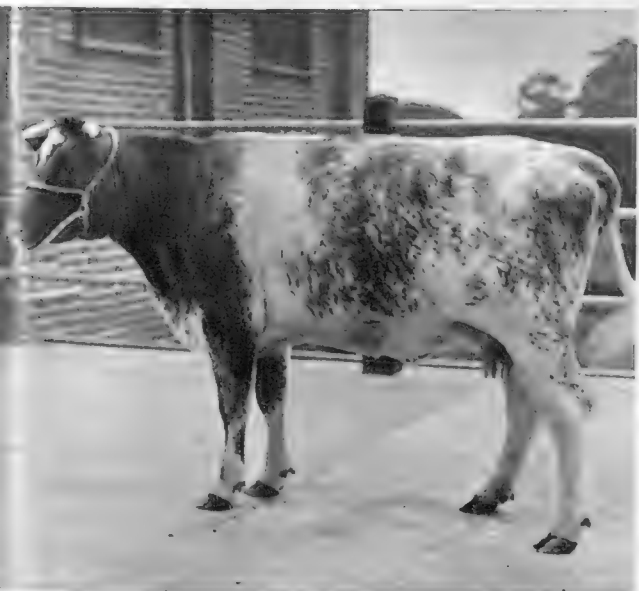
A day off for the Suffolk Punches. These are some of the horses who do the work on the farm

Ascot

Photographs by Swaebe



Champion Shorthorn Bull: Eastern Diplomat



Champion Shorthorn Cow: Brackenhurst Butterfly

The Philip Hills have a charming house at Ascot, where they entertained their many friends in pre-war days. Now Mr. Hill is farming some 11,000 acres, and has taken up breeding pedigree cattle. He bought some of the prizewinning Shorthorns at the last Reading Show, and two of his purchases, Eastern Diplomat and Brackenhurst Butterfly, are seen on this page. Mrs. Hill, besides running the garden, devotes much of her time and energy to the Red Cross sales, of which she is chairman of the committee. She herself auctioned some of the gifts at a recent sale in London. The Philip Hills were married in 1934; she was formerly Phyllis Lytton Hill

Mrs. Philip Hill by the Lake



Mr. Bernard Hankey, who is in the R.N.V.R., and Captain Lord Milton, Grenadier Guards, were guests helping in the garden





Janet Jevons

Mrs. Alaric Russell and Michael



Marcus Adams

Mrs. Guy Carleton Paget and John

The wife of Captain Alaric Russell, The King's Royal Rifle Corps, was Miss Iris Charmian Van Raalte, before her marriage in 1940, and is the daughter of the late Mr. Noel Van Raalte. Her husband is the second son of Sir Odo Russell, K.C.M.G., uncle of Lord Ampthill, and former Minister Plenipotentiary at The Hague. Michael was born last year

Mrs. Guy Carleton Paget was Miss Winifred Paget, and is the daughter of Major and Mrs. J. B. Paget, whose home, Ibstock Place, Roehampton, is at present shut up. Her husband, Captain Guy Carleton Paget, only son of Brig.-Gen. and Mrs. M. L. Carleton, of Bath, is serving in the Middle East

Sons and Daughters

Taken With Their Mothers—Their Fathers Are All in the Army, at Home or Abroad



Gilbert Adams

Lady Anne Rhys and Her Children

The wife of Lord Dynevor's youngest son was Lady Anne Wellesley, only daughter of the late Duke of Wellington, and was married in 1933. Her husband, the Hon. David Rhys, is in the Welsh Guards, and they have two children, Llewelyn Arthur, who is seven, and Elizabeth Maud, born in 1937. Lady Anne's brother, the present Duke of Wellington, is a Captain in the Commandos, and has been serving abroad



On the Steps at Thornton Manor

Viscount Leverhulme With His Daughter-in-Law and Granddaughter

These pictures were taken at Lord Leverhulme's Cheshire place, Thornton Manor. With him were the wife and daughter of his only son, Captain the Hon. William Bryce Lever, who is serving in the Cheshire Yeomanry. Mrs. Lever was Miss Margaret Ann Moon before her marriage in 1937, and is a daughter of Mr. John Moon, of Tiverton, Devon. Her small daughter, Susan, is four years old. The Levers' own home is also in Cheshire—at Cloverley, Brimstage

*Photographs by
Compton Collier*



Lord Leverhulme and His Granddaughter, Susan

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

Save Your Cartridge Cases

THE reasons why the Salvage and Recovery Department are asking all shooters to do this are: (1) because the materials can be used again; and (2) because, if you do not, you may quite easily find yourself short of ammunition. So send them back dry and in good condition—that is to say, not trodden on—to the people from whom you bought them, who, in their turn, will send them to the collecting depôts in England and Scotland.

A Bet on the 1943 Derby

IT seems a bit too ante-post, but I feel sure that the wagerer, whose name is not disclosed, must have had his reasons when he took 50 to 1 to £100 about this big and lusty two-year-old Whirlaway. Whether the eminent bookmaker has a good wager we cannot know! Anyway, it shows a very right spirit in all concerned, and, even if nothing more, is first-class propaganda. It may greatly upset the temperamental Hun. Whirlaway, who is owned by Mr. J. Olding and trained by Atty Perse, at Stockbridge, I am assured, looks like anything, and if breeding counts I should not think that many people could fault his pedigree. He is by Bahram out of Jury, by Hurry On, and anyone who may be feeling at all browned-off during the coming months may get a lot of fun out of following this pedigree further back. I could do it for them, but I won't, because that would be encouraging laziness. The Aga Khan is also helping to put the shivers into Schicklgruber, for he has just paid 8200 guineas for a yearling by Hyperion out of Eclair at the Newmarket Sales, and we all hope that next season we are again going to see as much of H.H.'s colours as we have done in the past. The distinguished descendant of "The Old Man of the Mountains," who, incidentally, made things most unpleasant for the Crusaders, seems to have a right smart chance of getting into the big money with either Nasrullah (Coventry Stakes), or, as is much more likely, with Umiddad, who won the 7-furlongs Dewhurst fairly and squarely beating Miss Dorothy Paget's very

good colt, Straight Deal, by a neck after a grand set-to. In the Coventry Stakes, Nasrullah beat Straight Deal a length and a half, with another good one, Victory Torch, another length away third. This would seem to put Nasrullah in front of his stable companion, but in the Middle Park Stakes (6 furlongs), for which Nasrullah was backed down to 11 to 8 on, he was beaten a neck by Lord Rosebery's smashing filly Ribbon, who was only in receipt of the 3-lb. sex allowance, and three-quarters of a length behind was another smart lady, Nearly. Unfortunately, and very much so in view of what happened in the Dewhurst Stakes, Straight Deal got rid of his jockey before the start, and had a gay little gallop all by himself before he was caught. By the light of what has happened since, it is pretty certain that, but for this, he must have been prominently concerned in the finish and might even have won.

What About the Ladies?

IT is very possible that Straight Deal and Umiddad will be put very near the top of the class where the colts are concerned when we get the Official Handicapper's verdict, but perhaps neither of them will be the actual top. That honour may be once again awarded to a lady, as it was most justifiably last season to Sun Chariot. How right Mr. Fawcett was! It will not be surprising to find him beginning with Lady Sybil, by Nearco, who is also Nearly's papa (and Nasrullah's), because, after the way in which she completely knocked out Samovar in the 6-furlongs Cheveley Stakes on the 11th, this coming close upon her other win in the Rous Stakes, it would make anyone turn round and look at her twice. It was a great pity that she was not in the Middle Park Stakes, because if she had been, we should surely have got some information, especially as Ribbon and Nearly were on the premises. It is quite on the cards, therefore, that the ladies will be preferred to the gentlemen in the Free Handicap. Here are a few picked from the two teams: *Ladies*—Lady Sybil, Nearly (whose dam is by that great sire, Solario), Ribbon (by Fairway), Garter Stitch



Well-known Race-goers in the Paddock

Colonel Arthur Blake, who controls the famous Heath House training establishment, and whose Rhodan was running in the Rathfarnham Plate, found a likely winner for Lady Stafford-King-Harman, the wife of Sir Cecil Stafford-King-Harman, of Rockingham, Boyle, co. Roscommon

(who belongs to his Majesty, and who ran a close third to Umiddad the other day). *Gentlemen*—Umiddad, Nasrullah, Straight Deal, Tipstaff and Sulphurous. Here are plenty of headaches for the poor handicapper.

Congratulations

CAPTAIN CECIL BOYD-ROCHFORD is to be felicitated upon the honour conferred upon him in being entrusted with the care of his Majesty's horses in training, and the yearlings at Egerton House, up till now under W. R. Jarvis, upon whom this transfer casts no manner of slur. Big Game and Sun Chariot, whose retirement to the National Stud at Tully may be held up owing to transport difficulties, are not in the picture, but the promising two-year-old Tipstaff will remain at Beckhampton with Fred Darling, who, let us hope, has as bright a season for the royal jacket in front of him as he has behind him! All that Captain Boyd-Rochford has to do is to evolve classic winners for 1944! I feel sure that, if the necessary material is there, he will surely do this. The "Master" of Freemason Lodge has nothing to



Steve Takes His Bull Mastiff for a Ride

The famous ex-jockey, Steve Donoghue, who won fifteen Derbys, including six in Britain, is now training at Blewbury, in Berkshire. Here Mr. Jack Deacon is helping to mount Rex, the bull mastiff, while Steve holds the pony's head. Mr. and Mrs. James Bennett, who own several horses in Steve's stables, and their son John are also in the picture



D. R. Stuart

Tennis at Murrayfield, Edinburgh

An American tournament is held at Murrayfield Lawn Tennis Club nearly every week-end. Competitors recently included Dr. Switalski, Professor G. Poulet, W. Andrzejewski and Dr. Kolodynski (standing); and (sitting in front) Mrs. Duncan-Smith, Mr. J. K. Smedberg (U.S. Vice-Consul), Mrs. Croall (a Scottish tennis international like Mrs. Duncan-Smith in peacetime) and Miss Joy Moseley



Poole, Dublin
Spectators at Phoenix Park, Dublin

Squadron Leader Peter Burrell, son of Sir Merrik Burrell, escorted Mrs. Hubert Hartigan, wife of the East Hendred trainer, who has been training in Ireland since the outbreak of war, on the day Major Dermot McCalmont's War Sleigh won the Rathfarnham Plate



Officers at an R.A.F. Station Somewhere in England

W. Dennis Moss

Front row: F/Lts. R. I. Hammans, E. E. Smith; S/Ldrs. I. R. Blair, J. W. Hicks; the Commanding Officer; W/Cdrs. R. H. Stocken, E. F. Kohler; F/Lts. A. Gammon, F. G. B. Harrison, R. C. Ferguson, R. Critenden. Second row: A/S/O E. M. McPoland; F/Lt. C. Bryant; P/O W. H. Whelan; F/Lt. J. F. Bohn; Lt. R. G. West; Capt. E. F. Turner; Major L. Lawton, M.C., D.C.M., M.M.; Lts. T. E. Sanders, E. Broadhead; S/O B. I. Thomson; A/S/O M. M. Bickford; P/O H. R. Hastie. Third row: P/O E. W. Hunter; F/Os P. H. Hay-Hedde, L. J. Merchant; P/Os J. Lamb, G. A. Whitney, H. F. Hamilton, R. J. Voisey; F/O J. Orell, M.C.; P/O J. A. Cowley, D.F.M.; F/O E. Eastment. Back row: P/O J. Smith; F/Os J. Fry, J. H. King, J. D. de S. McElwain; F/Lt. S. T. Holland; P/Os S. C. V. Chiswell, G. Handcock, W. S. Forbes

learn from anyone about his craft, and I think that this view is much reinforced by what he did with Lord Portal's Sun Castle, now unhappily defunct, by winning last year's Leger with him. It was a very uphill task, and, as many of us thought, a rather hopeless one, yet it was done brilliantly. Captain Boyd-Rochfort, brother of Arthur, V.C., and Harold, is the son of the late Major R. H. Boyd-Rochfort, and Mrs. Boyd-Rochfort, who was a sister of "The Squire of Bentley" (Mrs. Cheape). He is thus a first cousin of that great figure in polo history, Leslie, and of Hugh, and of little Maudie Ellis, whose sudden death not so long ago was a cause of much sorrow to all who knew her.

How About the Gold Cup, 1943?

BIG GAME (not that he encourages any belief that he will ever stay), Sun Chariot, Watling Street (Derby winner), and Afterthought (a fine stayer, and winner of the Jockey Club Cup, 2½ miles), have already been retired to the stud. There are now rumours that another outstanding personality, Hyperides, may follow them. If it goes on like this, where are we going to find any crack four-year-olds in 1943? We all think that we know we are very soon going to be busier battle-fighting than we have ever been in the whole of our history, and that life may be more swimming in gore than heretofore; but, all the same, it might be as well to hold our horses a bit and see how things shape. It is not exactly a phoney war at the moment, and we know that it is going to be even less so pretty soon, but even so . . . !

George Blackwell

ANYONE who ever had the good fortune to meet the nice old man who trained Rock Sand (Triple Crown winner of 1903) and Sergeant Murphy (National winner of 1923) will wish that he could have lived till twice eighty-one. The last time that I met him personally was in the summer of 1923, when he had the Fitzroy House stables at Newmarket, when the hero of the Grand National was having his portrait painted by A. J. Munnings, and George Blackwell was hacking the great old horse about the Heath in the early dawn, and was kind enough to let me go with him. Going away from home he could hardly kick Sergeant Murphy along—but when we turned for home it was a very different story.

There was some talk of another portrait at that time, because old George confided to me that Laddie Sanford was worrying him to have his done by "some painter chap called Sir Henry Orpington!" I never heard whether the Orpen portrait materialised, but I hope that it did.



Mainly Military. Some, But Not All, Who Dropped in to See the Leger. By "The Tout"

Captain Jack Leach, son of veteran Felix Leach, is carrying on training at Graham Place, Newmarket, during the absence of "Jack" and "Chut" on service. Although no T.Y.O. himself, Felix still rides every morning on the Heath. Willie Pratt, member of the famous training family, succeeded the late Captain Tommy Hogg as trainer to Mr. Martin ("Duggie") Benson. The stable owns the best juvenile of the season, Lady Sybil, a daughter of all-conquering Nearco. Before the war, Willie Pratt trained with much success in France for A. K. Macomber. He was fortunate enough to escape just before the German occupation. Colonel Harold Fowler—big gun of the U.S. Army Air Corps—paid a previous visit to England when he came to Aintree in 1928, and rode Scotch Eagle in Tipperary Tim's National. If we remember right, this gallant Colonel got round without mishap

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

Character Comedy

I CANNOT laugh at the lady who says she does like a book that takes her out of herself. Her clever nephew is only voicing the same thing when he confesses his need for "escape literature." And only if he be very foolish (I mean, foolish as only the clever can be) will he use the infection of contempt. For to escape, to be taken out of oneself, is not easy: one needs very skilful aid. The small, tight, inner room of our private tensions and worries seems sometimes to be without windows or doors. Often, like children on a long train journey, we grow more and more fractious, listless and difficult to distract. For a greater number of us than have been counted, this war means a series of individual battles against isolation, fatigue and monotony. In such battles, we need all the help we can find. And "escape" reading proves a solid ally.

The idea that "any silly old book will do" seems to me an absolute fallacy. Sheer silliness does nothing to us whatever—except irritate. Bad writing is as repellent as bad cooking. Unhappily (perhaps) we are no longer children, and, happily, we are not altogether fools. "Once upon a time" no longer acts as a spell, and rankly preposterous situations make us no more than fretful. So, the escape book, if it is to succeed with us, must wield considerable power. It must suspend our worries, command our imaginations, and seduce, from its first to last page, our reasoning faculties. The story it tells must appear as *likely* as anything that could happen in our own lives, and at the same time either infinitely funnier or more exciting—in fact, more entrancing. You will see what I mean when I say that this sort of book must be the work of a writer who is a magician. For it takes a magician to make an illusion work.

Mrs. Thirkell is a magician of this kind. I admit that her powers vary from book to book, and that there have been moments in her literary past when either sentiment or a curious sombreness threatened to gain the upper hand. But, on the whole, such moments set off, by contrast, her always triumphant happier vein. Humour, of a kind at once derisive and respectful, mocking and coaxing, is the essence of all her novels. One cannot wonder she has become a name, or that so much as the rumour of "a new Angela Thirkell" produces a stir in the bookshops and the libraries. It may be typical of Mrs. Thirkell's readers (of whom I have, from the start, been one) that they are often extremely vague as to the actual titles of her works. The titles resemble each other, and each novel extends just a little further the boundaries of that same magic-prosaic world that Mrs. Thirkell depicts with her own art. . . . Let me state that, in this case, "the new Angela Thirkell" is *Marling Hall* (Hamish Hamilton; 8s. 6d.)

Marling Hall will, I guarantee, disappoint nobody. As a novel, it has considerable stature. It is a comedy—comedy of character—written with mature feeling. Perhaps it is the test of a good comedy that, written the other way round, it *could* be a tragedy. I mean, the Marlings—Bassetshire county people—are an old-fashioned family living through changing times (times that threaten all that they value most); Lettice is a young war widow, more than half disconcerted to find herself falling in love again; Oliver is a shy introvert, tormented by bad eyesight; Lucy is a pink and galumphing girl with a more hurttable heart than she cares to show. Of the neighbours, Mrs. Joyce Smith, the dipsomaniac's widow, is a neurotic; and the Harvey brother and sister are sub-Bloomsbury exiled martyrs, condemned to all the rigours of Horseback Hall. Captain Barclay was only just saved by love from a long career of self-torturing Blimpishness. And for Mr. Marling, with his charming self-dramatisations as the Old English Squire, one can see only too doubtful days ahead.

However, Mrs. Thirkell places these characters in the smiling (though wartime) sunshine of her Bassetshire scene. They are handled with a light and artless-seeming precision and an unwearisome funniness. The serene but vivid scenes change; the naïve dialogue bubbles on. I feel that Mrs. Thirkell not only delights in the scenes she describes, but has an almost religious faith in the virtue, the innocence and the staying-power of life lived in such houses as *Marling Hall*. Though this does not prevent her from noting one single shade of its noble absurdity.

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

THE other morning, the lovely silence outside my caravan was

rudely broken by the strains of a hymn played on a gramophone which had long ceased to pay its contribution to music. I opened the door, thinking, perhaps, that post-war planners, in their eagerness, had begun premature peace celebrations! Outside, however, stood a young woman who, sacrilegiously, I decided, ought to be doing munitions—or something. "Are you saved?" she demanded, without introduction. "From what?" I replied, with equal bluntness. "From sin," she cried, thrusting some literature into my hand. "Read it," she commanded; "I will return next Wednesday." Then she departed abruptly and I was left wondering once again why so many religious fanatics and members of nudist colonies always look as if they were suffering from an incipient duodenal ulcer. Something, somewhere, isn't doing them any good.

I took the literature, however, and discovered that the pamphlets belonged to a society notorious for "peace-at-any-price." "Sin" stood out in bold letters invariably, and "repentance" in bigger letters still. There were also many exhortations slipped in here and there to become one of the sect, with a definite prophetic promise towards the end as to when the war will end—and how; the whole membership and library costing half-a-crown. I skimmed through the first pamphlet like a swallow, and then fell to pondering idly the practical value of all these moral precepts.

Conventional texts seem to be on their

trial, or, perhaps, as you grow older, life writes its own, just as it formulates its own religion. All the same, much re-writing will have to be done later on, because this war has turned quite a lot of us into petty criminals, and even when it is well over, we shall have to adjust our principles not to overload our cup of tea with other people's sugar, or sit in a first-class carriage without bothering in the least about looking for a third. You see, our minor moral roots have been badly shaken. For example, we were exhorted to prepare for a rainy day, but nobody told us the day would rain bombs and that income tax would reach ten shillings in the pound! Consequently, human nature being what it is, there arrive moments when we feel inclined to join in the unpredicted débacle and go all out for fun! Of course, we don't do so.

The truth is, I suppose, that it is as difficult to commit the sin we despise as it is easy to attain that virtue which is ours by temperament. Floods of repentance only make people the more virtuous. To sin happily, you've got to feel yourself justified, and only being found out then brings remorse. So I expect I am as "saved" as I ever shall be. Which will, undoubtedly, disappoint the young woman and deprive her cause of half-a-crown. Yet, are we not told to put every penny we can into Savings Certificates? Shall I therefore be winning the war at the expense of my own salvation? I'm afraid the moral problem doesn't worry me in the least! Conversion through fear is no change of heart.



B.B.C. Announcer's Daughter Christened

Sarah Lidell is the three-months-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alvar Lidell. Mr. Lidell has been with the B.B.C. since 1932 and is now Second Senior Announcer. He announced the abdication of Edward VIII. and made the preliminary announcement from 10, Downing Street when, as Prime Minister, Mr. Neville Chamberlain broadcast Britain's declaration of war in September 1939

Interiors

ALSO, I delight in reading about the insides of houses—having had enough of my own house, I relish change. The agreeable inside of *Marling Hall*, and of the flat over the stables in which the widowed daughter lives, are just so touched in as to convey their charm. But in the description of the "horrific" interior—the Red House, wished on to the helpless Harveys by the relentless Marlings determined to do Mrs. Joyce Smith a good turn—Mrs. Thirkell's pen excels itself. "Pure Sloane Square," said Mr. Harvey, "and really, my dear, too off-white." The "sham vellum lamp-shades with semi-transparent pseudo-Canalettos on them and ivory velvet ribbon," and "the waste-paper basket which was covered with green brocade and had a shiny reproduction of the Sistine Madonna glued on to it with a dull gold edging," are not the only high points in a riot of gruesome detail.

I agree with the publishers in considering Miss Bunting, the ex-governess, to be one of Mrs. Thirkell's major achievements to date. I also, though on a different plane, took pleasure in Mlle. Duchaux and her nephew, M. Duval. Lovers of David Leslie and Lady Emily will be glad to meet them again in the pages of *Marling Hall*.

Told to the Children

MR. WICKHAM STEED has revived, with his *That Bad Man* (Macmillan; 5s.), the Victorian—and also, as I remember, Edwardian—practice of embodying information for children in a narrative form. This gives personality to the young listeners, and lightens and

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Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings



Lankester — Gordon-Smith

Dr. Leslie Lankester, of Aldford House, Park Lane, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Lankester, of Leicester, married Kathleen Gordon-Smith, second daughter of Sir Allan and Lady Gordon-Smith, of Walhurst Manor, Cowfold, Sussex, at St. Mark's, North Audley Street



Thwaites — Darwin

Captain Ian Thwaites, R.A.C., younger son of Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Thwaites, of Aspenden Lodge, Buntingford, and Susan Darwin, younger daughter of Mrs. John Darwin, of The Briary, Freshwater, I.O.W., were married at St. John's, Hyde Park Crescent



Fortescue — Kendall-Lane

J. D. G. Fortescue, Coldstream Guards, son of Mr. and Mrs. Fortescue, of Penarwyn, Par, Cornwall, married Nina Kendall-Lane, daughter of Mr. E. Kendall-Lane, and niece of Mr. and Mrs. Ricardo, of West Wittering, Sussex, at St. George's, Hanover Sq.



Appleby — Cusselle

Lieut. Tim Appleby, Canadian Army, son of the late Captain E. W. Appleby and of Mrs. Mabel Appleby, of Canada, and Anne May Cusselle, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Cusselle, of Dartford, Kent, were married at St. Anselm's Church, Dartford



Turnbull — Thoms

Captain Phipps Turnbull, R.E., only son of Mr. and Mrs. George Turnbull, of 19, Glencairn Crescent, Edinburgh, and late of Colombo, married Griselda Thoms, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. P. M. Thoms, of 14, Coates Gardens, Edinburgh, at St. Saviour's, Walton Street



Roetter — Johnson

Charles Roetter, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. F. Roetter, of Madison, Wisconsin, U.S.A., married Barbara Patty Johnson, elder daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. H. A. B. Johnson, of 10, Avenue Court, Drayton Avenue, S.W., at St. Luke's, Chelsea



Walliker — French

F./Lt. John Walliker, R.A.F., son of the late J. G. Walliker, of Llandaff, Glamorgan, and of Mrs. Walliker, of Rumney, Monmouthshire, and Helen French, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. S. French, of Meopham, Kent, were married at Meopham Church



Moir Mackenzie — Sykes Wright

Lieut. Stevenson Moir Mackenzie, son of Mr. and Mrs. Moir Mackenzie, of Milestones, West Byfleet, Surrey, married Angela Hume Sykes Wright, elder daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Sykes Wright, of 77, Vandon Court, Petty France, S.W., at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street



Braithwaite — Lintott

Jervis Anthony Braithwaite, R.N.V.R., son of Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Braithwaite, of The Brook Cottage, Brockenhurst, and Muriel Mackey Lintott, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Lintott, of The Croft, Woking, Surrey, were married at Christ Church, Woking

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 425)

International Exhibition

VISITORS to the International Exhibition at Dorland House have included King Haakon of Norway, who was accompanied by Crown Prince Olaf, King Peter of Yugoslavia, the President of Czechoslovakia and Mme. Benes, Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands, and the Belgian Prime Minister, M. Pierlot.

The Exhibition has been arranged in a series of national groups, each group being selected and arranged by nationals of the various countries concerned. The result is a most varied and interesting display, not only of objects of intrinsic beauty and educational value, but of indications of the lives and characters of people of the United Nations. It is planned to keep the Exhibition open until the end of September, and possibly during the first week of October, too. There were three speakers at the official opening on September 16th: Major-General H. Willans, C.B.E., D.S.O., the Rt. Hon. R. A. Butler, M.P., and Lieut.-Col. Sir Thomas Cook, M.P.

All twelve nations were well represented at the crowded opening. Among the British were Lieut. J. Hare-Scott, organiser of the Exhibition, and Mrs. Hare-Scott; Group Captain A. S. W. Dore and Lord Strathcona, also a Welfare Liaison Officer. Mr. and Mrs. Drexel Biddle were unable to attend, but Major-General J. C. H. Lee upheld America; also Mr. W. L. Gower, of the Red Cross Society, and members of the Embassy.

For Russia there were the Russian Ambassador and Mme. Maisky; also M. and Mme. Bogomolov and members of the Forces and Embassy. Among important Belgians were Lieut.-Col. L. F. E. Wouters and Mme. Wouters; Lieut.-General Chevalier van Strijdonck de Burkel, and the Belgian Ambassador. Dr. P. W. Koo and Mrs. Koo were among those from the Chinese Embassy. Czechs included the Czechoslovak Ambassador and Mme. Lobkowicz, and General S. Ingr, Minister of State, with Mme. Ingr. Members of the French National Council there were Professor R. Cassin and Mme. Cassin, and M. Dejean; Capitaine de V. Jaquet, Chief of the French Naval Staff also, and representatives of the Fighting French organisation. Greeks included Lady Crosfield, Mme. Simopoulos (not a Greek herself, but wife of the Ambassador), Mons. E. Tsouderos, the Prime Minister, with his wife and daughter; Colonel G. Contoleon and Captain C. Alexandris. For Holland came Dr. J. Van den Tempel, Minister of Social Affairs; Jonkheer F. Beelaerts van Blokland, Chief of Cabinet; Mr. G. Bolkestein, Minister of Education; Mons. J. Bech, Luxembourg's Foreign Minister, was there; Norway's Ambassador, M. Colban; also Norwegian Major-General J. Beichmann, Lieut.-General Petersen and Mrs. Petersen; and Rear-Admiral Corneliusen. The Polish Ambassador arrived with Countess Raczyńska; and Yugoslavia's Prime Minister, Dr. S. Jovanovitch, with her Vice-Premiers, Drs. J. Krynjevitch and M. Krek. Many others from all the countries represented were also there.

British Sailors' Society Exhibition

LORD CORK is to open an exhibition at Harrods on October 12th, at three o'clock, which will detail the work of the British Sailors' Society from the year 1818. The exhibition will remain open until the 31st of the month, and serve to encourage recruits and create interest in the work of the Society. Apart from the rooms where demonstrations and lectures will be given, there is to be a gift shop, where goods subscribed will be sold for the Fund, and an Information Bureau.



At a Horticultural Show Holloway, Northampton

A horticultural show was recently held at Weston Hall, Northamptonshire, home of Mr. and Mrs. Sacheverell Sitwell. In this picture are Mr. C. H. Middleton, Mrs. Sacheverell Sitwell, Captain R. D. H. Bolton (Chief Constable of Northamptonshire), Mrs. J. P. Brown, the Marchioness of Northampton, and Mrs. Bolton. Mrs. Sitwell was formerly Georgia Doble, and is a sister of Frances Doble, the actress

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 438)

brightens the pages with dialogue. Powder-in-the-jam books—big-printed, and with gay and attractive formats—used to be many in my own childhood, and experience made me look crooked at some of them. For instance, a promising opening upon a sea beach would lead me to hope that the young heroes and heroines were either upon the point of conflict with smugglers, or of being washed out to sea in an open boat, or cut off by the tide at the foot of cliffs. All that would happen, however, was that their Uncle Algie would come bearing down on the children, gather them round him, and embark on a discourse on either seaweed or shells, which went on till the sun set, and one closed the book having watched Uncle Algie's victims troop fainting home.

Mr. Wickham Steed has, however, at once satirised this old-fashioned method, remodelled it, and given it a dozen advantages. The result has been one that I cannot enough admire. The subject of *That Bad Man* is a thing undreamed of in Uncle Algie's philosophy—in fact, Hitler and Hitlerism. The story is told, in a country house not far from Oxford, in instalments, through a succession of summer after-teas, to two very likely and likeable little boys. Richard and Simon are met with out on the terrace, noisily, zestfully "bombing a hospital"—i.e. throwing big stones at a box. Mildly rebuked by their mother for this employment, they explain that this is a German hospital, and that anyhow, there is no one in it but Hitler. The fact that, at the close of Mr. Wickham Steed's narrative, the boys return to their bombing-game with renewed zest does not argue that, by the way the story is told, "hatefulness" has been inculcated or revenge inspired. The tale of this network of human weakness and blunders has been told in a way that is lucid, civilised, sane.

That Bad Man is sub-titled, "A Tale for the Young of All Ages." And it does convey, in its quiet manner, information that many grown-ups lack. At some points, it goes back far through the centuries, to trace the root of the evils that have produced Hitler. For Mr. Wickham Steed has made very clear, from the start, that Hitler is a product, that he is the late, outward manifestation of a very long-standing inner disease. To an extent, Hitler (or, one should rather say, Hitlerism) is everyone's fault—partly that of our ancestors, but also our own.

In language that is quite simple, but not insultingly simple, Mr. Wickham Steed relates Hitler's life-story (to which much lively detail is supplied) with the history of the Europe on whose mistakes he has battered. Any use of a cliché, or set phrase, is immediately challenged by Richard's or Simon's "What do you mean by that?" The two small boys' comments and exclamations reprove one's own resignation to evil facts. . . . In the course of *That Bad Man*, pan-Germanism, anti-Semitism, Socialism, Communism, Dictatorship, etc., are defined in words of (one might say) two syllables. The young listeners show a healthy mistrust of abstractions; they demand concrete illustrations of everything.

Consequently, the book is invaluable. Any intelligent child of from ten years up would enjoy it; I should specially recommend it for family reading aloud. . . . How many readers know of that misguided English enthusiastic, Houston Stewart Chamberlain, and of the dire influence that he had on Germany? And do you know on what model Hitler formed his moustache—discarding, for this, a flowing, "interesting" beard? . . . Here are no horrific passages, no doctrinaire politics, no priggishness, and, above all, no spite.

Love in a Life

"KITTY VILLIERS," by Lewis Gibbs (Dent; 8s. 6d.), has a heroine who is really a novel-heroine in the sense rare now. Which is to say, she is beautiful; she affects other lives strongly; she is courageous and simple and almost mystified by the curious impetus of her own fate. Though she inspires love often, and marries three times—an English artist, a Russian prince, an American banker—she herself only loves once—but that memory remains the one strong reality through her life's shifting scene.

Kitty's girlhood, towards the end of the last century, is spent in the big White House in a village quite near London. This is the scene of her schoolroom happiness, and of her only and lasting love. Sixty years old, in 1939, she returns to find the village obliterated by ribbon development, chain-stores and traffic lights. Meantime, she has lived through a Paris and Italian love-idyll, years in aristocratic Russia, the Revolution (from which, near its end, she escapes through Siberia). She has reigned in New York as a Russian emigrée princess, and lost her third husband in the 1929 crash. . . . Mr. Gibbs writes swiftly, vividly, and often beautifully. *Kitty Villiers* is an absorbing novel.

Brains and the Land

"SPRING ONIONS," by Duncan McGuffie (Faber; 7s. 6d.), is the story of the first years of a new-type farmer, told by himself. The author, at the end of his time at a public school, refused the place open to him in the family business in order to try conclusions with the land. The Vale of Evesham was his chosen terrain. Having served his apprenticeship to a market gardener, he first worked out a round for himself and tried selling vegetables from a lorry, "the Skylark." After that, he launched out in land of his own. He learned something from each rebuff, reverse and mistake. Mr. McGuffie writes very modestly, but one can gather from every page his brains, patience, grip, energy. Though he is not yet thirty, he has already made good as a writer as well as a farmer. *Spring Onions*, with its gay format, should reach a wide public. Such books bridge a gulf that has proved dangerous to England—the gulf between country and town.

Haig



Obtainable also
in small sizes

*No finer Whisky
goes into any bottle...*

Birds and Bombs

It is a bad bomb that does nobody any good. Grim town-planners are already going round seeking where they may build; but in the meantime the processes of nature, uninhibited by the local authorities, are turning the sites where the enemy's beautiful bombs have fallen into beautiful bombed sights. Carpets of vegetation cover the scars. What was rubble is now rose-bay; from the debris spring shepherd's purse, chickweed and clover. But what is even more remarkable is that air-raid ruins are attracting nesting birds.

I read that the black redstart has been noted in 1940 and 1941 as nesting in the City area of London. Apparently, this bird specialises in ruins, but was formerly one of the rarest British nesters. It is a strange thought that air raiding should have improved the appearance of London. I suppose that in time peace, security and the town planner will come to block out the light again, destroy the view, kill the vegetation and drive away the birds. Meanwhile, air bombing may claim to have one useful, beneficial and even conservative result.

Secrecy Its Own Reward

SINCE the Air Ministry was created, and the first Secretary of State for Air was appointed, I have studied the ministerial method. One thing I notice which bears on air security is the pathetic faith which ministers tend to put in the awful technical secrets they learn upon taking office.

The very fact that they, in their privileged position, are told by their technical officers of matters which are kept secret from the general public, gives them added faith in the power of those secrets. The invention that is kept hush-hush appears to the man who learns it in confidence to be a far better thing than the invention which is openly discussed. It is a dangerous effect. For the fact is that what is kept secret is not always good. When I was test flying for the Government, I necessarily came in touch with many

AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

secret inventions and developments. Some of them were more fatuous than the vulgar inventions which everybody is allowed to discuss and criticise.

The secret invention suffers from not being subjected to widespread criticism. It never gets sifted through the minds of many people. It becomes the spoilt child of a few technical or scientific workers, and they are able to shut their ears to anything said against it.

When a new minister comes to office they go to him and, with every precaution, reveal to him the wonders of their infant. Small wonder that the minister, unversed in such matters, is duly impressed, and goes away bulging with the secret, feeling that Britain really has the thing that will win the war and that all outside criticism of the war effort is inept because uninformed.

Air Secrets

IN aviation at any rate, secrets, when they are finally revealed, are apt to be remarkably disappointing. "The ample proposition that hope makes, in all designs begun on earth below, fails in the promised largeness." And in nothing more markedly than the "closely guarded secret."

We should not expect to win wars by the sudden emergence of some brilliant invention. In the assessment of invention value, I would rather trust the device that has been subjected to public scrutiny and criticism one hundred times than the device that has been brought up in cloistered secrecy. Indeed, I doubt if the war effort would be damaged—though it is a thing no one would like to recommend—if all official secrets were to be revealed. The complexity of war invention is such that the sorting-out problem

would be even greater for the enemy than for ourselves, and he would be none the wiser as to what was really facing him. Meanwhile, the disclosure would enable the refining process of criticism to do its work. I suppose there is no more certain way of securing military surprise than to state what you propose to do—and then to do it. For the fact of publication inevitably forces upon the enemy the conclusion that a false scent has been laid.

Dowding

IT was good to see the celebrations of the greatest day in the air battle over Britain going on for some time after September 15th and covering many different parts of the country. It was good to see proper credit given to Air Chief-Marshal Sir Hugh Dowding, who, at that critical and heroic period, was Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief, the Fighter Command. Too many attempts have been made to obscure the issue. The fact is that Dowding won the air Battle of Britain in just the same sense that a general or an admiral wins a battle. His was the responsibility; his should be the credit.

It is noteworthy that Dowding himself is always scrupulously careful to give credit where credit is due. He hands it out lavishly to his pilots; to the aircraft designers and to the Ministry of Aircraft Production which was formed in time to provide him with the flow of fighters needed to do the job.

At present there remains a tendency to try to divert the credit; but history will adjust matters provided that those who write on aviation are careful to recall the facts of that period.

Dowding was in command of the fighters. The fighters had been built by Vickers-Armstrong's and by Hawker, and they had been designed by R. J. Mitchell and Sydney Camm. The fighters were aided by the system of radiolocation which, in turn, was made effective by the organisation which Dowding gave it. And the flow of fighters was maintained by the supreme efforts of Lord Beaverbrook and the Ministry of Aircraft Production. Those are the facts which should be kept in mind.

From AUSTINS
to AUSTIN owners

SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST

War work and essential journeys leave little chance to pick and choose road and weather conditions. A car has to be sturdy to survive—as sturdy as the many Austins still carrying on, helping to do important war jobs. If yours is one of them, give it the care it deserves.


• **LOOK TO YOUR TYRES.** Check wheel alignment now and then to avoid giving tyres needless wear. If you don't feel like tackling this, your Austin dealer will do it for you. Always keep tyres at correct pressure and free from flints, etc. Periodically change all the wheels round (near front to off back, off front to near back). By helping your Austin in this way you'll be helping the war effort too.



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THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER
SEPTEMBER 30, 1942

Men's clothes by

There may be some difficulty in
obtaining Drescott clothes because of
the limitation of supplies imposed by
H.M. Government on all civilian wear.

Drescott

But they will adequately repay the extra trouble in looking for them.

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

By M. E. Brooke

It would be interesting to know the number of coupons that will be used for wrap coats during the coming months. These coats must be well tailored and cut, warm and light if the best possible value is desired. Success is ever the portion of the models which are sponsored by Nicolls, Regent Street. To them must be given the credit of the coat seen on this page. It is carried out in camel hair, an innovation is the double stripe arranged in squares. The buttons are attractive and so are the patch pockets. It may be slipped on in the fraction of a second. Here are likewise to be seen a representative collection of tweed coats endowed with individual touches. Naturally the regulations laid down by the Board of Trade are never overlooked. Again outfits for men and women in the Services have been carefully considered and they are so well cut that their length of life is well-nigh unending

The New Camel Hair Coats



Winter Hats
of Felt
and Velour

It has frequently been said that there is no more effective letter of introduction than a becoming hat, while a new one is an excellent mental tonic. The trio pictured on this page come from Swan and Edgar, Piccadilly. The grey felt on the extreme left has a slit crown through which ribbon is passed, while the brim has a downward slant which flatters the face. Felt has been used for the model in the centre below; it is trimmed with ribbon and a single quill, and if the weather be the reverse of pleasant the quill may be removed. The last of the trio is expressed in velour, a material which is extremely difficult to obtain, hence this firm have only a limited number. Here again a quill increases its charm



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Harrods



In the New
**PILE
FABRIC**

For appearance, warmth and service, a pile fabric coat is a close runner-up to one in real fur. Harrods have a delightful collection, and here are two of them in Llamastra pile, each featuring snug, high-buttoning collars, deep slash pockets, full skirts and generously cut sleeves. Grey or fawn. Hip sizes 35-42.

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BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

IN a careless moment a labourer in a machine shop got entangled in an endless belt and was dragged round a few times before being thrown clear of the machinery.

His scared mate rushed to him and knelt down, saying in anguished tones:—

"Oh, Bill, speak to me! Speak to me!"

White and shaken, Bill raised himself on one elbow and replied, coldly: "Why should I? I passed you four times and you didn't speak to me."

THE blonde chorus girl had made quite a hit in America. She was asked here, there and everywhere, and one evening found herself at a literary supper-party.

With a blank smile she listened to a lot of talk about Aldous Huxley, Somerset Maugham, Bernard Shaw and other British authors. Then someone mentioned H. G. Wells, and her face brightened.

"We don't think much of Wells over in England," she said firmly.

"Whom do you mean by 'we'?" asked one of the American guests.

The chorus girl looked at him sweetly.

"Mother and I," she said.

IT was a very dissatisfied tenant who approached the landlord of the new house.

"Look here," he said, "that house I've just taken from you is horribly draughty. I've spent pounds on heating arrangements, but wherever I sit my hair is blown all over my head. Can't you do something about it?"

The landlord shook his head.

"I'm afraid not," he replied. "I think it would be easier and cheaper for you to get your hair cut."

as usual escaped him.

Asquith stood up, shook hands warmly with the man, and said: "How are you, where have you been? Will you join me?" and other polite remarks while he was trying to recall the name.

Said the embarrassed fellow: "I'm the waiter, sir."

THE night-clerk of the hotel was surprised to see a battered-looking person in his shirt-sleeves come rocking up to the desk and pause there groggily.

"What can I do for you?" inquired the clerk.

"I'd like," said the stranger laboriously, "to be 'scorted to Room 202 on the secon's floor."

"Two hundred and two?" repeated the clerk. He consulted the register: "Why, that room is occupied by Mr. Oscar J. Billups, of Toledo, Ohio, and it's pretty late to be rousing a guest."

"I know, that, well as you do," stated the inebriated one. "Nevertheless, I want to be shown to Room 202 without any further con-con-ver—any further talk."

"What business have you got there?" demanded the clerk.

"Thash, my business."

"Well, what's your name, then?"

"I'm Mr. Oscar J. Billups, of Toledo. I jusht fell out of the window."

DURING the drive to collect aluminium the proprietor of a little hardware store in Homewood, Illinois, filled his window with shining aluminium kitchen-ware and pasted up a big sign: "Uncle Sam Needs Your Worn-out Aluminium! Replace it Now, at These Low Prices!"

He did quite a brisk business, too.



"Have you one of those Corvettes everybody's talking about?"

"PETERBOROUGH" tells this story in his column in the *Daily Telegraph*:

She was a smart young Wren driver, but she ran into a spot of trouble in the blackout. The Admiralty—he had served in destroyers—picked himself out of the ditch, said "Carry on," and clambered aboard again.

But, discussing it later, her best friend said: "How terribly unlucky for you, my dear, to have spilt that jolly old salt."

There is a Job for Everyone to do To-day. — It is to SAVE. — Save Money! — Save Paper! — Save Rubber! — Save Fuel!

It is a wicked thing to make a dearth one's garner, says an English proverb... There is a dearth of all the good things that go into Kia-Ora. We refuse to stretch output because we will not strain reputation.



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The fact that goods made of raw materials, in short supply owing to war conditions, are advertised in this paper, should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export

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Useful twin set in fine quality
Cumbrian wool. The Cardigan is
finished with petersham bind-
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natural. Sizes 34 to 40.

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Cardigan, 5 coupons, 28/9



Four examples from our Winter
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for wear under suits. In several
colours and sizes.

1. Sweater in super quality
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shoulders. 60/11

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neckline. Superfine
quality. 56/7

3. Medium-weight, hard-
wearing jumper. 39/2
Matching Cardigan. 51/5

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HEALTH AND FOOD RATIONS

WHAT IS A HEALTHY DIET?

Before the war many people suffered from malnutrition because they picked the wrong foods from large and varied supplies. Now, the way to be well fed is to make sure of picking the right foods which are still available, even though supplies may be restricted.

Keep a few good sound principles well in mind. *Natural foods are the best*—vegetables contain important vitamins and become plentiful from time to time; National Wheatmeal bread has many valuable elements which were lacking in white bread; milk is available for children, who need it most. Fish liver oil—another natural food—contains the protective and bone-forming vitamins and is an essential supplement to everyone's diet, whether grown-ups or children.

The newspapers, the B.B.C. and the Ministry of Food are constantly publishing excellent recipes. You will find it pays you well to follow them. Diet should be varied if you are to make the best use of it.

Think carefully about food selection. It is well worth your while.

This is one of a series of announcements issued in support of the Government's food policy by the makers of

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In this Exhibition will be a GIFT SHOP. The proceeds from everything sold in this GIFT SHOP will go to the support of our work amongst our sailors.

★ ★ ★ ★

Can you spare us a saleable gift? Write to the Metropolitan Organiser, Mrs. Aylmer Probyn Maude, 90 Cranmer Court, S.W.3, or to Mrs. Dunlop Kidd, the Organising Secretary, 680 Commercial Road, E.14. If necessary we can arrange transport.

The British Sailors' Society urgently needs funds to enable it to carry out its vital work throughout the world.



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and H.M. Queen Mary

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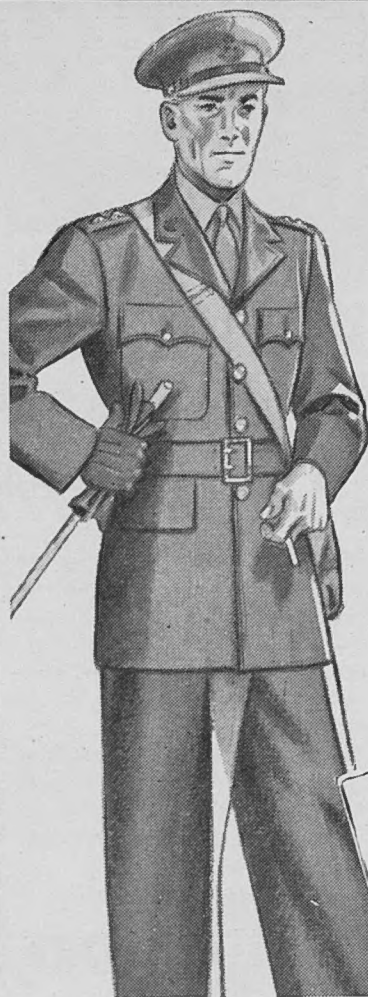


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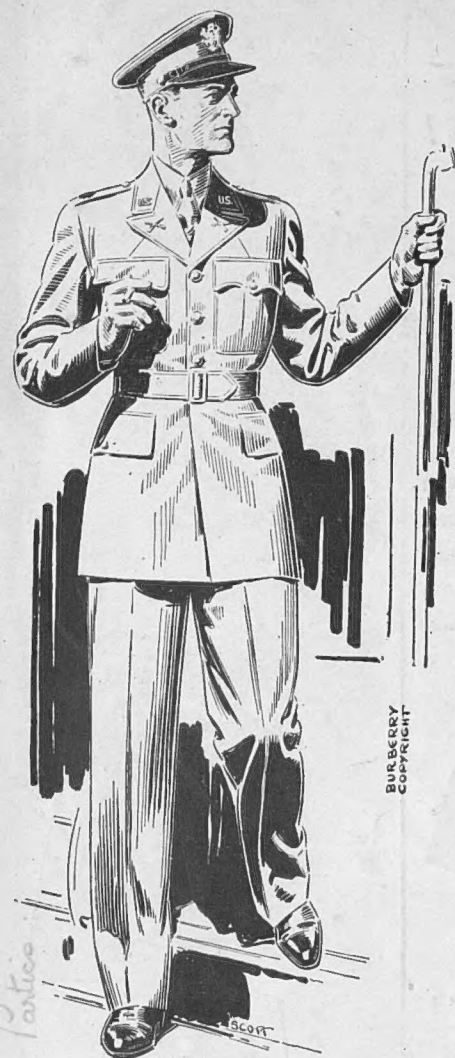
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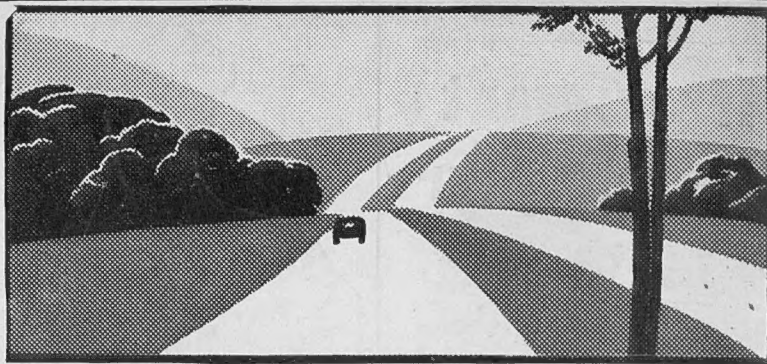
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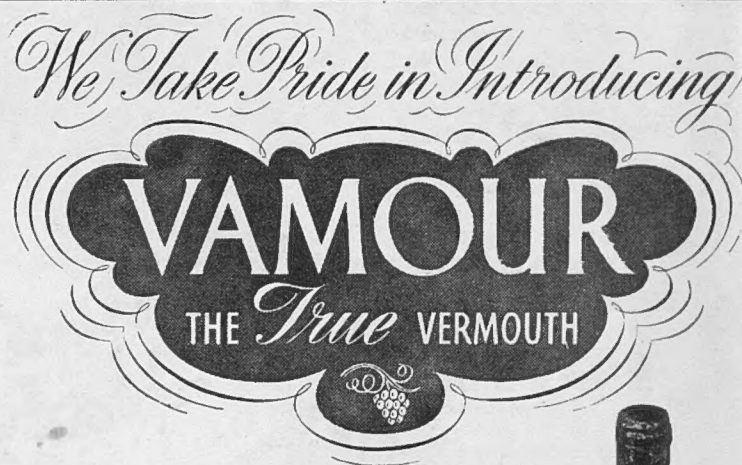
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